

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 18. VOL. XXI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1809.

No. 1060.

MISTRUST;

OR,

BLANCHE AND OSBRIGHT:

A FEUDAL ROMANCE.

(In Continuation.)

A young girl, who seemed to be about fifteen, and whose patched garments declared her to be the child of poverty, sat upon a low stool by the hearth. Sometimes she fed the fire with dry sticks, and at others she cast different materials into an iron kettle, which was boiling before her. She frequently stirred its contents, and seemed extremely intent upon her occupation. Osbright doubted not that she was preparing the repast of her parents, or perhaps of her master, and he was on the point of lifting the latch of the door, when he heard the girl speak, as if addressing some one in an adjoining room.

"Yes, yes!" said she, "I hear you; all is going on well!" and then turning again to the cauldron—"Now, then," she continued, "once again! First for my Father:

'Peace to his bones! May they sleep in the cell,
Ne'er mingled, for mischief, in poison or spell!
Rest in his coffin! All ghastly and pale,
By night may his ghost never wander and wail!
Joy to his soul! May he rise without fears,
When the trumpet, to sinners so dreadful, he hears.'

"Now for my grandmother:

'Feuds with the fiends! May the Hag's evil eye
Ne'er cause ———'

"Barbara! Barbara!" screamed a cracked voice, from the inner room, "you idle hussy, what are you thinking about? I'm sure, you're not repeating the three wishes!"

"Sure, are you? Nay, for certain, if the Saints are half as deaf as you are, I repeat them to little purpose. Set your heart at rest, I tell you; I warrant you all goes right.

'Joy to the soul! May he rise ———'

"No, no! I said that; where was I? Stay! Oh! aye, now I remember.

'Feuds with the fiends! may the Hag's evil eye
Ne'er cause our cow Brindle to droop and to die!
Mercy to man! May her limbs cease to ache,
Which the ague now forces to shiver and shake!
Safety with Saints! Let not Satan succeed
In laming her tongue, when she's saying her creed'

"And now for myself!

'Holy and sweet! May the knot soon be tied
By the priest, which shall make me some honest
man's bride!
Sorrow and joy! When in child-birth I lie,
Light be my labour, and ———'

Here her eye fell upon Osbright, who having lifted up the latch of the door softly, had entered, and was now standing beside her.—

"Oh! preserve me, all ye blessed saints and angels!" cried the girl with a loud shriek, as she sprang from her seat; "mercy upon me, Sir Knight; who are you, and what brings you here?"

"Be not alarmed, my pretty lass," answered Osbright; "my horse has fallen into a pit-fall, and I need assistance to draw him out.—Are there any men belonging to this cottage, who ———"

"Oh! no, Sir Knight, there is no one here, but myself and my old grandmother, who is confined to her bed with a terrible ague fit: But to the right you will find a narrow path, which leads to the village of Orrenberg, there you may procure assistance in plenty; it is not above a mile off: and now, good Sir Knight, be gone, I entreat you!"—And she turned again to the hearth.

"To the right, I think, you said?" inquired the youth; "my good girl, leave your cookery to itself for a few minutes, and just point out the path of which you spoke, and an ample reward ———"

"Oh! no, no, no! I could not stir a step out of this room for the universe, Sir Knight! So pry'thee interrupt me no longer, or you'll certainly . . . Look you there now!" she exclaimed, running to the cauldron, and beginning to stir it again with great eagerness; "I thought what would come of talking to me! The brewage was just going to boil over, and then all the charm would have been to do over again!"

"The charm!"

"No, no, not a charm! I did not mean to say charm . . . I don't know what I meant to say; but I know, I wish that you would not interrupt me any longer. Now do go away, that's a good young Knight; now go!"—And she began again to mutter her rhymes.

"Barbara!" called again the cracked voice from the inner room, "for Heaven's love don't forget the ague!"

"No, no," replied Barbara, "nor the cow neither."

"Did I tell you," resumed the voice, "did I tell you that the snail-shells must be whole? If they are cracked in the least part, the broth will be spoiled, and then the child's finger will have no power or virtue."

"A child's finger!"—Osbright started, and his heart beat violently at the sound: he recollected that Father Peter had mentioned the loss of Joscelyn's little finger of the right hand: should this prove to be the same, here was a clue furnished, which might lead to the most important discoveries! While he made this reflection, Barbara answered her grandmother, that she had observed her caution respecting the shells, and bade her make herself quite easy.

"Good, good!" said again the old woman; "only be sure that you put in cobwebs enough, for that is a prime ingredient."

Barbara again resumed her entreaties that Osbright would leave the cottage.

"By no means!" answered he, resolutely; "there seems to be something improper going on here. A child's finger is boiling in

that cauldron, and I must know for what purpose you procured it, and in what manner you came by it, before I stir one step from this apartment."

"Now indeed, Sir Knight," cried the girl, evidently alarmed, "the purpose for which it is intended, is a very harmless one. A child's finger is boiling yonder, I must confess; but it is only to make a spell of great virtue, though so innocent, that the Virgin herself need not have scrupled to use it.—That kettle contains the broth of good-luck, and whatever wishes I pronounce while it is making, sooner or later will all come to pass. And then when it is done, the child's finger being past nine times through a wedding ring, it affords an infallible cure for the ague and ear-ache: and being wrapped in the skin of a dormouse with a sprig of St. John's wort, and laid under the threshold of the door, it is better than an old horse-shoe, and neither witch nor devil will venture to put their noses over it; and being dipped in bat's blood, and well rubbed in . . . but mercy on me, what am I about? I ought to be alone while the broth is brewing, for my grandmother herself must not set her foot in the room, because she's not a virgin. Now, dear, good young Knight, go along, for if any impure person is present, the charm is quite spoiled."

"Very possible," observed Osbright, "but though an impure person may do so much mischief, the presence of another pure person ought to make the work go on still better."

"Indeed? why, as to that point, my grandmother gave no instructions, and it may very well be as you say, Sir Knight. Stay a moment, and I'll ask her."

"By no means!" resumed Osbright, detaining her with a look of feigned severity; "it would be quite superfluous, as I am determined, not only to remain where I am, but to know by what means the child's finger came into your possession."

"Oh! gracious! Sir Knight! my grandmother charged me not to say a word about the finger to any soul breathing; she said, that it might bring us into much trouble, in spite of our innocence."

"It will bring you into much more trouble, if you do not obey me without a minute's hesitation; for I shall hasten to the next village, and depose, that I found you in the very act of composing an unlawful potion. Both yourself and your grandmother will be seized as witches, and ———"

"Oh! all ye blessed Saints protect us!" cried the girl, trembling in every limb; "that is exactly what we are afraid of; that is what has obliged us to take refuge in this wild forest, out of the reach of every human eye. Indeed, Sir Knight, we are honest creatures; but my grandmother is a wise woman, and knows a power of strange secrets, and all the hidden virtues of herbs and plants; and so some ignorant evil-minded person accused her of dealing in sorcery, and if she had not escaped in time, the poor innocent woman would most probably have been burnt for a witch, only because she knew a little more than her

neighbours. Now, good Sir-Knight, do not depose against us, only promise to keep our secret, and you shall know every syllable of the matter as faithfully, as if I was kneeling at confession before the Father-Abbot of St. John's himself.

Osbright gave the required promise, and now he listened with interest, which almost deprived him of the power of breathing, while the girl related—that a fortnight had scarcely elapsed, since she found in the wood a young boy, apparently not above nine years old, and at the point of death. She endeavoured to save his life, but in vain—he had only time to tell her, that while separated from his friends during a chase, he had been seized by a wolf, that he had drawn his little dagger, and had defended himself so successfully, that though in the contest he gave himself several wounds with his own weapon, he achieved the death of the ferocious animal, but before he could accomplish this, his bosom was dreadfully lacerated, and he had lost so much blood before the girl's arrival, that in spite of all her efforts to succour him, he soon breathed his last.

(To be Continued.)

ANECDOTES.

Some years since, one Tom Hide, an Indian famous for his cunning, went into a tavern at Brookfield, Massachusetts, and after a little talk, told the landlord he had been hunting, had killed a fat deer and that if he would give him a quart of rum, he would tell him where it was. The landlord did not wish to let slip so good an opportunity to obtain the venison, and immediately measured the Indian the rum. 'Well, says Tom, do you know where the great meadow is?' 'Yes,' 'Well do you know where the great marked maple tree stands in it?' 'Yes,' 'Well, there lies the deer.' Away posted the tavern-keeper with his team, in quest of his purchase—he found the meadow and the tree, but his searchings after the deer were in vain; and he returned no heavier but in chagrin, than he went. Some days after, he met the Indian, and violently accused him of a deception. Tom heard him out, and with the coolness of a philosopher replied, 'Did you not find the meadow, as I said?' 'Yes,' 'and the tree,' 'yes,' and the deer,' 'No—very good,' continues he—'you found two truths to one lie, which was very well for an Indian.'

A Candidate for the Stage, lately applied to the manager of Drury-Lane Theatre for an engagement. After he had exhibited specimens of his various talents, the following dialogue took place between the manager and him. Sir, you stutter. So did Mrs. Inchbold.—You are lame of a leg. So was Foote.—You are a knock-kneed. So is Wroughton.—You have a damned ugly face. So had Weston.—You are very short. So was Garrick.—You squint abominably. So does Lewis.—You are a mere monotonous mannerist. So is Kemble.—You are but a miserable copy of Kemble. So is Barrymore.—You have a perpetual whine. So has Pope.—In comedy you are quite a buffoon. So is Jack Bannister.—You sing as ill as you act. So does Kelly.—But you have all those defects combined. So much the more singular.

An officer once relating to his friend the circumstance of his having fallen over a large pig when going full dressed to a ball, the other immediately replied, 'that, my dear fellow, must have been a d—d boar!'

An Hibernian wit seeing an old man and woman in the streets, remarked that 'they put him in mind of the babes in the wood.'

BEAUTIFUL ALLEGORY.

Happiness and virtue are twins, which can never be divided. They are born and flourish, or sicken and die together. They are joint off-springs of good sense and innocence, and while they continue under the guidance of such parents, they are invulnerable to injury, and incapable of decay.

THE LITTLE BEGGAR BOY.

Indeed I'm a very poor boy,
And I think that my heart will soon break;
With hunger I'm ready to cry,
And the bitter cold wind makes me shake.

Oh! let me your bounty receive;
It will not be bestowed on a cheat,
Ah, how would my poor father grieve,
Did he know that I begged in the street!

To fight for his country he's gone;
And knows not that mother is dead;
That an outcast is poor little John,
Who has no where to shelter his head;

That he's lost both his mother and home,
And dying with hunger and grief;
He is forced the long winter to roam,
Oft begging in vain for relief.

Then, lady, your bounty bestow:
Cheer the heart of a poor little boy,
Whose father is fighting the foe
That would gladly your comforts destroy.

A trifle then grant to my prayer,
And soon from your sight I'll be gone—
From hunger, and bitter despair,
It will rescue the poor little John.

GRATITUDE.

Can fortune e'er smile on the wretch
Who is deaf to fair Gratitude's call;
Can pleasure or happiness dwell
In the breast that is callous to all?

As well might we look for the rose
From Winter's cold bosom to spring;
Or expect from the fields clad with snows,
All the fragrance which Autumn can bring.

No—believe me, 'tis only the breast
Where Gratitude dwells, can enjoy
All the pleasures that life can impart
And happiness free from alloy.

THE COQUETTE REPROVED.

'Tis strange that I remain a maid,
Though fifty swains have homage paid!
The reason you have told, says Fanny—
You had just forty-nine too many.

From a London Paper.

The following Impromptu has been published on Bonaparte's politeness in sending us over packets of Bulletins:

We thank you for these Bulletins,
Great Emperor, King and Elf,
And hope you soon may have from us
A Bulletin in yourself.

ENIGMA.

I'm most conspicuous, though I'm formed to hide,
I'm still of use, e'en when I'm laid aside;
I aid the viewer, yet obstruct the sight,
And love the day, though set against the light;
From Italy I take my name and birth;
And now my offerings spread o'er all the earth;
Though different forms I take, I'm mostly seen,
True to one colour, nature's favourite green.

MAXIM.—Praise children for being pretty, and they will endeavour to be beautiful—praise them for being good, and they will endeavour to be virtuous.

MIRTH, HOW FAR TO BE INDULGED.

I was led into the following reflections, by a few observations I made the other evening on the conduct and manners of a party of young ladies, among whom I have frequently an opportunity of associating. It seemed as if they considered the enjoyment of an evening's visit to consist in the loudest and most violent expressions of laughter, which were liberally indulged on the slightest remark or incident; they appeared to have taken up the idea, that the greatest distortions of countenance, and the most writhing gesticulations of body, were the only sure symptoms of pleasure and gaiety.

When the blessings of life, or even the pleasures of an evening's amusement, are enjoyed with prudence, and a modest cheerfulness, dignity of character is still retained, and all the powers and faculties of the mind remain even and untruffed. But when all those bursts of laughter, those sudden flashes of the mind, (which can be but short and transient at best,) are too repeatedly indulged, Mirth becomes then gaiety without modesty, jollity without prudence, and festivity without consistency.

Mirth, in its proper composed and tranquil sense, will banish from the heart every uneasy and irksome thought, even under the pressure of affliction and distress; and will teach it to express its gratitude for the mercies of Providence under every dispensation. The heart of a virtuous man is ever cheerful and serene, implicitly acquiescing in the state wherein Divine Omnipotence has placed him; but those 'little cracklings of mirth and folly,' as a certain elegant writer expresses it, 'which unthinking minds are subject to, are apt to betray virtue than support it,' and render us incapable of being pleasant to ourselves, to our companions, or to him whom it ought to be the study of our whole lives to please. Not that austerity of manners is at all requisite, or an inflexible conformity to all the rigid principles of Stoicism; but to preserve a gladness of mind, which will produce on the countenance an unvarying and perpetual serenity.

It is generally to be observed, that whoever is addicted to such violent mirth, and such frequent bursts of laughter, vanity is not infrequently the prevailing characteristic of their mind; and one cannot help supposing the person to be conscious of great superiority over those at whose expense the laugh is enjoyed. Surely nothing can betray more vulgarity, a lower education, or greater ignorance, than such endeavours to sink into contempt, those with whom we converse.

Eliza is a lady who possesses this fault in a very considerable degree. Beauty has been the means by which she has steered her course through a period of forty years with some *celat*. Her toilette occupied more of her attention than the cultivation of her genius and talents. Ramping, ridiculous jokes, frequent and loud bursts of laughter, and flirting and coquetting with the men, were her only amusements, till all her lovers and danglers fell off, and left her totally unattended.

At length, however, she met with one whom she vainly imagined would return the affection she entertained. She loved, but was slighted. From that time, despair and anguish took possession of her mind; and she now dwindles out the remainder of her earthly existence unhappy, fretful, and comfortless. Such is too often the fate of those who suffer the giddiness of youth to usurp all sense of dignity and propriety; and who, trusting to a small share of fleeting beauty, betray weakness, while they expect applause; disgust, where they might excite admiration.

ON SENSUAL ENJOYMENT.

THE unceasing pursuit of sensual enjoyment, is merely a mean used by the votaries of worldly pleasure, of flying from themselves: they seize with avidity upon any object that promises to occupy the present hour agreeably, and provide entertainment for the day that is passing over their heads. To such characters the man who can invent, hour after hour, new schemes of pleasure, and open, day after day, fresh sources of amusement, is a valuable companion indeed: he is their best, their only friend. Having been continually led from object to object in the pursuit of pleasure, the assistance of a friend has habitually become the first want, and the necessity of their lives.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, JUNE 16, 1809.

The city inspector reports the death of 35 persons, (of whom 15 were men, 4 women, 7 boys, and 9 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last. viz. Of casualty 1, childbed 1, consumption 1, convulsions 1, decay 2, diarrhoea 1, dropsy 2, dropsy in the head 1, drowned 5, epilepsy 1, hectic fever 1, hives 3, inflammation of the brain 1, killed 1, mortification 1, small-pox 1, still-born 1, sudden death 1, teething 1, and 1 of whooping-cough.

The case of casualty was a child, aged about 3 years, who was choked in eating a piece of bread. The persons drowned were James Butler, a native of Ireland, aged 25 years; Patrick Dredien, of the same age and country; Andrew Elliott, of Massachusetts, aged 30; Henry Glover, of Connecticut, aged 24 years; and a man unknown. The case of killed was Captain Roach, a native of Ireland, aged 29 years, as mentioned in the last Museum.

On Tuesday night, between the hours of 11 and 12, the cellar of the house No. 54, Pine-Street, occupied as a store by Mr. Wigham, was broken open, and a bale of goods, containing several pieces of broadcloth, was taken away. The thief forced the lock of the cellar by means of an iron bar, wrested from Mr. Wolcott's stoop. Although there is a very valuable range of stores in that part of the street, there is never any watchmen to be met here at any hour of the night. *Mer. Adv.*

Louisville, May 10.—On Sunday morning about two hours before day, the factory belonging to Messrs. Anderson and Gwathmy, was set on fire by some incendiary (perhaps more than one) and was entirely consumed except the walls, with all its furniture, and a large quantity of hemp and yarns. The fire was applied to the upper story, near the outward angle, from which it flashed instantly to the loom apartment, 95 feet, to the end of the spinning room, 165 feet, so that the whole was enveloped, nearly at the same instant in one grand flame of 230 feet, and mounting to an astonishing height. By the time the citizens could assemble, exertion was useless, except to preserve other buildings, which as the night was calm, were not in great danger. This factory was a magnificent fabric, and had been constructed and furnished in the most complete manner; its reduction is a serious loss to the public.

The evidence of the fact that the Factory was fired intentionally is, that no fire had been used by the workmen in it for two months; the buildings where fire is used are remote, so that they were not in great danger during the fire; and a sick man who resided at some distance from the Factory, happened to be up at the time the first light shone from that part of the building before mentioned, and he saw somebody retreat rapidly therefrom, without giving the alarm.

Much might be said of the founders of this infant establishment, but their enterprise has been approved, and their merit acknowledged by the public, which has already experienced benefit therefrom.

As there is no appearance of despondency on the part of the owners; as many hands are willingly applied, and materials show upon the ground in flattering quantities; we may hope to see the factory in operation again in as quick time as ever so much work was put together.

DREADFUL HAIL STORMS.

Trenton, June 5.—A letter from a gentleman at Woods-Town, in Salem county, informs us, that that part of the county has recently experienced two of the severest hail storms that can be remembered by the oldest inhabitants. —The first was on the 24th ult. and extended in width not more than half a mile, in length its extent was not known. The hail stones were about the size of a robin's egg, and very transparent, and were driven with such force by the wind as to destroy entirely many fields of grain and gardens. The second was on the 28th; its extent not known. The hail stones which fell in some places were as large as a common hen's egg, not transparent like the former, but have the appearance of snow balls. Tho' this storm was not accompanied by so high a wind as the former, it did great damage—horses, cows, sheep, hogs &c. being killed by the stones, and one barn, that our informant had heard of, destroyed by the lightning.

From another quarter we have the following account, which was given in the words of our correspondent, whose veracity is unquestionable:—

"On Sunday, 28th of May there fell, near Mannahowkin, on the sea shore, in the county of Monmouth, the largest hail stones ever seen by the oldest persons there. The hail began to fall about seven P. M. and continued about seven or eight minutes; after it had ceased falling I gathered some of the largest, which measured seven inches in circumference; thirty minutes after I measured several, which were from five to six inches. It was no doubt a favourable circumstance, that the wind abated just as the hail began to fall; if this had not been the case, I am of opinion the rye would have been destroyed. Considerable injury is done to the peach trees.

"Before the hail fell, there was a severe thunder storm with heavy rain, wind very high about west. The ground was nearly covered with hail, and some of the stones lay on the ground one hour and three quarters before they dissolved."

A Morristown paper mentions that on Sunday about noon a violent gust of wind from the S. W. passed over that place, which did considerable damage by blowing in windows, levelling fences, tearing up trees, &c. and that in the evening a succession of gusts, accompanied by lightning and heavy thunder, was experienced there.

FANCY GOODS AND TRIMMINGS,

AMONG WHICH ARE,

a fine assortment of ribbons, silk and cotton cords, ornamented muslins, silk and willow for ladies' hats, black and white gimps, willow flats, silk and cotton beltings, vulture and ostrich feathers ornamented and coloured, silver star garlands, Beaufort caps, chinelles, bugle figures and ornaments, silver and gold buttons, do. loops; silk, cotton, and cambric buttons; black and white pelongs, sarsonets, &c. together with a parcel of straw and other hats, which will be sold cheap together, or in lots to suit milliners, or by retail—Also, a constant supply of knitting netting, and sewing cotton, both white and coloured, of the best qualities, and at the lowest rates.

J. C. WATSON.

207, Greenwich Street.

Between Barclay and Vesey Streets.

June 3, 1809.

1059—4f

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

An Apprentice to the Printing Business. None need apply unless well recommended. Inquire at this Office.

MARRIED.

On Thursday the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Ro-meyn, Mr. Robert Chew, to Miss Louisa Mac-celin.

On Thursday the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Kuy-pers, Mr. William R. Thompson, to Miss Rachel D-
over, both of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. George Downing, merchant, of this city, to Miss Sally Sands, daughter of Col. John Sands, of Cow-Neck, Long Island.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Living-ston, Mr. Joseph Packer, Merchant of Johnstown, to Miss Sarah Wynkoop, daughter of Mr. Peter Wyn-koop, of this city.

At Perth-Amboy, on Thursday the 1st of June, by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Mr. James H. Kearney, to Miss Catherine Parker, daughter of James Parker, Esq. all of that place.

DIED.

On Thursday morning, at Greenwich, Thomas Paine, Esq. author of 'The Rights of Man,' 'The Age of Reason,' 'Common Sense,' &c.

On Friday the 2d inst. Mrs. Mary Cummings, wife of George Cummings of this city.

At Washington, on Sunday last, Francis Malbone, Esq. a senator from the state of Rhode-Island. He dropped down on his way to attend Divine Service at the Capital, and immediately expired.

At Philadelphia, in the 39th year of his age, Dr. James Woodhouse, late Professor of Chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania.

At Stanford. (Con.) on Wednesday, May 31, of a lingering illness, Mrs. Keffe, widow of the late Ar-thur Keffe, of this city, in the 46th year of her age.

On Monday morning last, in the 54th year of his age, after a lingering illness, which he bore with the patience of a Christian and a Man, Mr. Frederick Da-voue, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city. To his friends, a eulogium would appear superfluous, for they knew his worth; and nought but the pleas-ing reflection of his having left this world, to partici-pate in the joys of another and a better world, could console them for the immense loss they have sustain-ed by his death.

Freed from the dreary troublous vale of life,
Here rests the Husband, Father, and the Friend;
Sickness and health forego their wonted strife,
Death's ebon darts their opposition end.

Elegant accomplishment in the most beautiful display
of the vegetable kingdom.

WILLIAM LOVEBOROUGH, PROFESSOR OF WAX-WORK.

NO. 77, CHATHAM-STREET.

Presents his most respectful services to the Fair Daughters of America, and informs them, that he teaches Wax-Work, either in the taking of Like-nesses, or in imitating the various fruits of the earth, with their respective foliage, from the creeping Straw-berry, to the high and lofty Anana. He also instructs in the making of Artificial Flowers, and various orna-ments in Rock and other work; with the method of making moulds, to cast at pleasure, in the most per-fect shape, any thing that may be desired.—Artificial Deserts, of every description, on the most reasonable terms. Roses and Fruit Trees ornamented, so as to deceive the eye at the shortest distance.

His terms for learning the above accomplishments are but ten dollars, a knowledge of which may be ob-tained in a few weeks, with only an attendance of two or three hours a day.

Old cases of Wax-Work taken in exchange; and the highest price given for sea-shells.

June 10

1060—4t

RICHARD MULHERAN.

Has for sale at his stores, No 12 Peck's Slip, and at Greenwich, opposite the State Prison Barracks, a neat assortment of Dry Goods, consisting of Super-fine and Second Cloths, Cassimeres, Swansdowns, Flannels, Cotton Cassimeres, Russia Diapers, Cotton Umbrel's, Black and White Cambric Muslins, Cal-licoes, Furniture Damasks, India Lustrings, Cotton and Thread Laces, Blue and White Gurrans, Ma-moodies, Cotton Carcs, &c. which he will sell on mod-erate terms for cash.

The store at Greenwich will continue open till the first of November.

COURT OF APOLLO.

A fair vender of Garters in New-York, hands the following ingenious verses to all who purchase her manufactures. We have seen it no where but in her own handbill; and to amuse our readers we present it here.

Freeman's Friend.

A WIDOW LADY

REDUCED BY MISFORTUNE,

KNITTING GARTERS FOR HER FRIENDS.

COME aid me cits, to pay my quarters
And treat your pretty legs with garters,
You cannot think how well they'll fit 'em.
Why 'tis for pretty legs I knit 'em;
Like gum elastic, throats of beagles,
Or your own purse when stuffed with eagles,
They'll stretch or shrink, distend or close,
Hold high and smooth your silken hose,
Leave the light knee to do its duty,
And bend to every blooming beauty.

And you fair dames my generous neighbours,
Reward a sister's anxious labours,
Garters you know are famous things,
The glorious badge of knights and kings;
Since the proud prize in Edward's dance,
With *honi soit qui mal y pense*,
Fell from the lady's foot confest,
And rose to grace the monarch's breast.
The doves of Venus, gentle starters!
Are held and reined by slender garters,
And when her boy, the little nick,
Has played her some unlucky trick,
To line his back with twingy smarters
She ties him up in lady's garters,
A lover sometimes (though but rare)
To melt some proud unyielding fair,
And swell the list of Cupid's martyrs,
Turns pendulum, and swings in garters.

But here's no risk of such a fate;
Mine are not strong enough for that;
For when your swain in these mine wares
Shall seek a cure for all his cares,
Reach up his neck well noosed by rule
Spring off, and kick away the stool;
Plump down he drops in awkward fashion,
His garters broke, but healed his passion;
Rejoices they no stronger were,
And comes and buys another pair.

EPITAPH,

ON AN HONEST MAN.

Money, for tomb-stones, is but vainly spent;
An honest man requires no monument:
Cover his body with a turf or stone,
It matters nought, to him it is all one;
His name is entered in the book of life:
He lives with God, he's done with carnal strife;
—But yet the world would count it a neglect
To stint the dead of decent, due respect.

From a London Paper.

IMPROPTU.

ON A LATE ENQUIRY.

A certain great Council long in debate,
On a subject they thought might endanger the State;
Though some seem to think the transaction so dark,
To others it may not appear very strange,
That a man with more business than he can arrange
Should manage the business by keeping a Clarke!

TORTOISE SHELL COMBS,

FOR SALE BY
N SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER
FROM LONDON,

At the sign of the Golden Rose,
NO 114 BROADWAY

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies or-
namented Combs of the newest fashion—also La-
dies plain Tortoise Shell Combs of all kinds

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball
far superior to any other for softening beautifying
and preserving the skin from chopping, with an agree-
able perfume 4 and 8s each

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that
holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small
compass

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Rosessowell
known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples red-
ness or sunburns, and is very fine for gentlemen af-
ter shaving, with printed directions, 3s 4s 8s and 12s
bottle, or 3 dollars per quart

Smith's Pomade de Grasse for thickening the
hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey
ha and 8s per pot Smith's Tooth Paste warranted

Violet double scented Rose Hair Powder 2s 6d

Smith's Savoyette Royal Paste for washing the
skin, making it smooth delicate and fair 4 and 8s per
not, do paste

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder for the
teeth and gums, warranted—2 and 4s per box

Smith's Vegetable Rouge for giving a natural col-
our to the complexion, likewise his Vegetable or
Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin

Smith's superfine Hair-Powder. Almond powde
for the skin, 8s per lb

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil for curling, glos-
sing and thickening the hair, and preventing it from
turning grey 4s per bottle

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Po-
matums 1s per pot or roll. Doled do 2s

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a
most beautiful coral red to the lips 2 and 4s per box
Smith's Lotion for the teeth warranted

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on chy-
mical principles to help the operation of shaving 5s
and 1s 6d

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaister 3s per box

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books

Ladies silk Braces, Elastic worsted and Cotton
Garters, and Eau de Cologne

Salt of Lemons for taking out iron mold

* * The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic
Razor Strops, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen-
knives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory and Horn
combs, Superfine white starch, Smelling bottles &c.

Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving
but have their goods fresh and free from adultera-
tion, which is not the case with imported Perfumery
8 Trunks Marseilles Pomatum

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again

ROOMS TO LET.

Two or three Rooms to let for the summer season,
in a genteel house at Brooklyn, in a retired spot—
And two or three Gentlemen can be accommodated
with Board. inquire of Mr. Chichester, at the New
Ferry, Brooklyn.

May 20.

1057 tf.

THOMAS MORTON,

Begs leave to acquaint his friends and the public,
that he has removed to No. 92 William-street, the
store occupied by the late Mrs. Brasher: where he
has for sale the following fancy and staple articles—

Damask and diaper table cloths

Fine French cambrics and linens

Twilled cotton sheetings

6-4 wide checks and bed ticks

Chintz, calicoes and gingham

Fancy shawls, silk, cotton and camels hair

Ladies and gentlemen's silk and cotton hose

Gentlemen's English black silk extra sizes do,

India book, cambrics and mulmull muslins

Plain, Fancy, and Doras Pelongs

Ribbons, sewing Silks, cotton and silk Trimmings

Fancy Vesting, Cassimeres and Cloths

Cotton Yarn for Sewing, Knitting and Drawing

Pins, Tapes, velvet Binding and Fans

White and coloured Threads, floss silk and Thread,
with a variety of other Articles, which will be sold
low, wholesale and retail.

May 27

1058—tf

DANIEL BALDWIN,
SIGN AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTER,



CHATHAM-STREET,

Solicits the patronage of the Public. Those who
will please to favour him with their custom, may de-
pend on having their work done in an elegant style,
As he has hitherto given peculiar satisfaction, he
flatters himself that none will be disappointed.
April 29, 1054—2m

CHARLES SPENCER,

CONFECTIONER,

Inform his Friends and the Public, that he has re-
moved to No. 118, Broadway, opposite the City-hotel,
where he carries on his business in its various bran-
ches, and hopes, by strict attention, still to deserve
public patronage. Families supplied with Plumb-
cake iced and neatly ornamented—Tea-cakes of every
description—Pyramids, Ice-cream, Blanch-monga
Jellies, &c.—Country Orders punctually attended to
March 11. 1047—6m

LEWIS FORNIQUET

Respectfully informs his Friends and the Public in
general, that he has removed to No. 156, Broad-way,
where he solicits a continuation of their cus tom, and
flatters himself that the quality of his stock, and his
attention to business, will meet with their approba-
tion. He has lately received, by arrivals from Liver-
pool, a new and elegant assortment of London Pearl
Jewellery, consisting of Necklaces, Ear-rings, and
Pearl Ornaments for the Head, Pearl and Topaz Pins
Bracelets and Rings

ON HAND,

A handsome assortment of Pearl, Diamond, and real
Topaz Pins, Gold Watch-Chains and Seals, Plain and
Cornelian Keys; Gold Ear-rings, Breast-pins, Rings,
Lockets, and Bracelets; Silver Tea sets; Table, Tea,
and Desert Spoons: Soup Ladles and Fish Knives:
Tortoise-shell, Dressing, and Fine Combs. Scissors,
Penknives, Best Whitechapel Needles in quarters,
and a great variety of other articles too numerous to
mention.—He makes all sorts of Hair-work and Elastic
Braids, in the Newest Fashion, and at the short-
est Notice.

January 28.

1041—tf.

S. DAWSON'S,

WARRANTED DURABLE INK.

FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN,
FOR SALE

by the quantity or single bottle, at No 3, Peck- Slip
and at the Proprietor's 48, Frankfort-street-
May 13

JUST RECEIVED,

AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,

THE EXILE OF ERIN,

A NEW NOVEL,

BY MISS GUNNING.

ALSO,

THE COMMUNICANT'S COMPANION;

OR,

INSTRUCTIONS AND HELP

FOR

THE RIGHT RECEIVING OF THE LORD'S
SUPPER.

JUST IMPORTED,

HAIR SEATING FOR COVERING

CHAIRS AND SETTEES,

As low as any in New-York. For sale at No.
237, Water-Street, New-York.

JOHN I. POST.

NEW-YORK,

PUBLISHED BY C. HARRISSON

NO. 3 PECK-SLIP.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Ann.

PAYABLE HALF IN ADVANCE